THE New Republic

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By DAVID RIESMAN

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The Biographer of Eisenhower and Stevenson Contrasts Their "So Very Different" Qualities

By KENNETH S. DAVIS

JULY 29, 1957

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Washington Wire

Faces in the Gallery

MOST THRILLING words to a Washington reporter are, "The Secretary will call the roll." Nixon uttered them. "Mister Aiken," intoned the clerk. "Aye!" came the dry answer.

Would the Senate take up the civil rights bill to safeguard Negroes' votes? A queue a block long waited outside. Reporters strained over their name lists. The chamber itself, seen from above, changes color with the seasons, dark and dignified in winter—now (with summer suits) a lighter, mottled tone of dacron and linen on this July 16 at 5 p.m.

"Mister Byrd—?" "Nay!" . . . . Reporters checked names, hearts pounding. Revolutions never come at moments of greatest grievance, whether bloody or peaceful; they wait till the wheels start turning a little the other way, then they explode. So in the South today many Negroes already can and do vote; this is the time to widen the breach. Forcing the social revolution now are twin imponderables, the Negroes' own slow, inexorable economic improvement and the Cold War competition between democracy and totalitarianism.

Checking a Senate vote accurately is a frantic job. This correspondent had only a second to glance across at the Diplomatic Gallery on the other side of the Chamber. It is just a little too far for accurate observation but I wanted to see if They were there. I imagined I saw them—Nikita Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung of Peking—watching the United States debating civil rights. All the Communist propagandists and all the enemies of democracy around the world, who have declared for generations that the US Senate is powerless to function because of the filibuster and that America preaches democracy abroad but prevents Negro voting at home—they were all there looking down, relishing the spectacle. I could imagine Khrushchev bouncing with glee as Russell (D, Ga.) tried to panic the Senate with his inflammatory speech and Mao rubbing his hands with enjoyment as Byrd (D, Va.) denounced Chief Justice Warren.

But then the vote came—only the first vote in the great struggle—but a smashing victory, 71 to 18. I looked across at the Gallery. They were gone.

Bargaining from Weakness

EISENHOWER issued a statement interpreted as advocating a "hard" civil rights bill the evening of the preliminary vote; made replies indicating he favored a "soft" bill at his press conference next day. Ah, Eisenhower! Everybody loves him; but nobody knows where he stands. It recalls the story going round of a man defending the purchase of the new helicopters for the White House. Why, he exclaimed, they wouldn't cost so much and they would save the President's time—two minutes here, five minutes there—25 minutes in all. "And a splendid investment," he added, "for that will double Eisenhower's working day!"

Under the Senate's Rule XXII it takes 64 votes to apply cloture and end a filibuster, an almost impossible task in a present chamber of 95 members. But what isn't understood is how sentiment against Rule XXII itself is rising. A move to end it in 1953 was defeated 21-70, but another attempt this January was closer, 38-55 (with three absentees favoring the motion). That is the trump card of civil rights advocates now. True, a minority filibuster might kill civil rights, but it would almost certainly kill Rule XXII too, when it comes up again in January, 1959. Vice President Nixon has already ruled against the archaic conception of the Senate as a "continuing body" which can't change its rules; just seven more votes and the rules will be changed and the ancient bugbear killed. The last-ditch Southerners know this, of course; they are bargaining from weakness, not strength.

Who Got the Money?

ACCORDING to newly compiled Treasury figures the US has lost $4 to $5 billion in tax revenue by so-called fast write-offs (accelerated amortization) since 1950. Who got the money? Big firms, not little firms. How does it work? Simple enough! Suppose the Treasury allowed you to keep $100 of your income tax every year for five years and then let you repay it in dribbles over the next 45 years without interest. That, in brief, is the tax concession known as the "fast write-off." In five years you would have a $500 interest-free "loan" of income taxes, which your less fortunate neighbor wouldn't get. He, poor chap, would have paid in the $500 to the Treasury; you on the contrary would have the $500 and could invest it. Suppose you invested it at 4 percent compound interest; at the end of 50 years you would have repaid your debt to the government and would have earned $1,819.17 to boot!

But this is absurd, you say. Exactly—it would be absurd if a little man like you got it, but it is high finance if it is done (as it has been done) to favored multi-million dollar corporations.

That Imaginary Bonus

CONSERVATIVE Senator Byrd calls peacetime fast tax write-offs "a scandal." Think of the competitive advantage an arrangement like this gives to a politically favored company that staunchly supports the Administration! The Kefauver Anti-Monopoly Subcommittee established that no small business got the bonanza in the electric power industry and publicly-owned companies are ineligible. But the Idaho Power Company (home office, Augusta, Maine) got a grant that would have cost the taxpayers $83.5 million. As a tax racket it is second only to the 27.5 percent oil depletion allowance, the Loch Ness granddaddy of all Treasury subsidies. Hardest thing in fighting these grabs is to make the public understand them. Just visualize that imaginary $100 bonus on your income tax and you'll understand fast tax write-offs.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

JULY 29, 1957

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Correspondence

► *Lettuce and Logic*

SIRS:

MR. GERALD W. JOHNSON'S article, "Lettuce and Logic," in your June 10 issue caused a stir in my 29th Congressional District of California, where a multi-million dollar citrus industry is centered at Riverside and lettuce is a major crop in the Imperial and Palo Verde Valleys.

Mr. Johnson wrote that "a recent report" gave "passing reference to the fact that lettuce grown near Riverside, California, has been found to be measurably radioactive."

He then went on to say: "For my part, I find myself with a sudden preference for fruits and vegetables grown in Florida." Those are fighting words to a Californian under any circumstances.

I contacted Mr. Johnson and he told me the "recent report" he referred to

(*Continued on page 23*)

Unforeseen by Sherman

IF YOUR income did not increase at least 3.8 percent during the past 12 months, you lost ground. Millions of families have not kept up with the rise in the cost of living, although for the country as a whole it was a year of record prosperity. (Only 4 million of the 60 million employed outside of agriculture have "escalator" clauses adjusted to the cost of living. Only 15 million workers in all have trade unions to bargain for them.)

The most recent Consumer Price Index, for May, stood at almost 20 percent above the 1947-49 average, setting a new record for the ninth straight month. The July Letter on Economic Conditions, issued monthly by the National City Bank of New York, reports that the advance of living costs this year "has rekindled the nation's concern over price inflation," and goes on to say that

> a main achievement of President Eisenhower's first term of office—the stabilization of the dollar—is being eroded. More people are predicting with greater assurance that broad averages of prices will keep on rising, chronically if not continuously, into the indefinite future.

And a leading investment advisory service is advising its clients that: "We are in a long-term cycle of inflation, which will be interrupted for comparatively short periods with interludes of stability and then resume its downward march in falling purchasing power of the dollar." Clearly it is time to find out what is causing the present price inflation and to consider ways of dealing with it.

During four weeks of repeated questioning before the Senate Finance Committee, Treasury Secretary George Humphrey has insisted that all we need is to hold tight to the Administration's tight money policy. Give it time. The fact that prices have gone steadily up for a whole year is not, in his view, anything to be alarmed at. "Let me condense the story of inflation to about a dozen lines," he said to the Finance Committee,

> . . . people are buying virtually all that they are producing . . . most resources are fully utilized . . . these inflationary pressures grow in direct relationship to the degree of prosperity in the country. . . . I think the pressures that we now have against the creeping inflation . . . work slowly. . . . I think they will gradually become more effective. I think, too, that these things go in waves.

The present inflation, Mr. Humphrey says, is caused by our "extreme prosperity." Tighten credit and raise interest rates still further and business will borrow, and spend and invest less. With money more scarce, prices will be more stable. In other words, the old laws of competition, of supply and demand will work as they always have: price stability is just around the corner.

But a succession of conservative and liberal economists—Gardiner

JUL 24 '57

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Means, Edwin Nourse, Kenneth Galbraith, Richard Ruggles and John R. Moore—have been explaining to a Senate Anti-Monopoly Subcommittee inquiring into administered prices why this just isn't so—why contrary to traditional theories, prices are going steadily up in the face of declining demand and excess capacity. The new fact of American economic life they cite, a fact which the Eisenhower Administration has not yet faced, is that monetary policy—the effort to control inflation by restricting credit—now works for only a part of the economy. It still works in those industries where there are many small competitors whose prices are determined by the market, but not in industries where there are only a few large producers who are strong enough to set their own price. And, of course, this is now by far the dominant sector of the economy. The prices of steel, autos, rubber, aluminum, most chemicals, nickel, oil and petroleum, to name a few, are "administered," not determined solely by the market. Such industries can circumvent the tight money policy by passing higher interest costs along, and by raising the funds they are unable to borrow, through increased prices. And that is what they have been doing. Moreover, such industries have the power and apparently the intention to raise prices even while demand is falling.

Not one of the five economists wastes any breath in deploring the existence of administered prices; it is unrealistic to suppose that the antitrust laws could be invoked to break up the giant firms (or giant unions, for that matter) and force a return to competitive prices. "I would hope that we are past the day," Dr. Galbraith told the committee, "when men of goodwill cover any and all failures of imagination with a ringing demand for . . . enforcement of the Sherman Act."

THE alternative approach is to prevent abuse of the broad power the administered-price industries have. It has been suggested that, as a beginning, industries and unions in the administered price area be asked to give notice of any major changes in prices or wages so that there might be public discussion before rather than after the fact. The companies and the unions would then move with full public reaction to their plans.

As it is now (and the oil price rise last autumn and steel price increase now are cases in point) the announcement comes after the fact. As Dr. Galbraith notes,

> if a wage settlement is involved, the relevant union leader then points out that the increase is excessive. At the same time the Administration states its regret that the advance has occurred coupled with a strong disclaimer of any knowledge of the specific issues. Thereafter a Congressional committee holds hearings, the increase is denounced and the matter is then forgotten. While it will be agreed that this ritual has an impressive solemnity, it can scarcely be satisfactory to the public which pays.

The Kremlin Purge

THERE IS now an official US explanation of the meaning of changes in the Kremlin hierarchy. They have come about, explains Secretary Dulles, as the result of a show-down fight between "modernists" and "fundamentalists" that itself was forced by "a rising, and in the long-run irresistible, demand of the people for more personal security, more personal freedom and more enjoyment of the fruits of their labor."

A day later, Mr. Eisenhower echoed his Secretary's interpretation: "The group that went out were . . .

> the hard core of the old Bolshevik doctrine, whereas those that stayed and seem now to be in the ascendancy are apparently those who have been responsible for decentralization of industrial control, all that sort of thing.

But before accepting this official line, it is well to consider that there are other explanations for what has been happening which may more nearly fit the facts. One of these suggests that recent changes in Soviet leadership are merely the final step in the characteristic Communist Party process in which (1) the Party is displaced by the Central Committee, (2) the Central Committee by the Presidium, and, (3) the Presidium by the Secretary (Mr. Khrushchev). In this view, the question of "modernist" or "fundamentalist" is irrelevant.

There is a second, plausible interpretation which sees the purge of Malenkov, Kaganovitch, etc., as the result of a counterattack on the issue of decentralization: the leaders of the industrial bureaucracy bid for power were defeated by Party leaders supported by the Army. A third interpretation holds that *no interpretation is possible until the succession is settled*—which it may not yet be.

Why, then, in a situation that is highly obscure, was it considered necessary by Mr. Dulles for there to be official clarification? Partly perhaps, because the Secre-

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tary cannot resist explaining, and particularly explaining how developing events confirm his own revealed doctrine of historical inevitability. Partly also, because both the Secretary and the President often tend to assume that by saying something is so, one helps make it so. And finally, the explanation may be that the Secretary and the President are persuaded that the "honest" General Zhukov and the "modernist" Mr. Khrushchev do represent a trend which leads to a more liberal policy at home and relaxation of tensions abroad.

Whatever the motives, however, it would seem to us that once more, Mr. Dulles' diplomatic usefulness would have been enhanced had he shown more respect for the golden value of silence.

The China News Tangle

SECRETARY DULLES now concedes, inferentially if not explicitly, that it will not be long before some American journalists go to Communist China. Nevertheless, he remains obdurate against the unanimous demand of news media representatives, with whom he met on July 18, that restrictions on China travel be abandoned unconditionally. The Secretary suggests a six-month "trial" coverage by a few, selected correspondents: for example, those representing the 12 organizations which maintained bureaus in pre-Communist China: AP, UP, INS, NBC, ABC, CBS, *New York Times, New York Herald-Tribune, Chicago Tribune, Chicago Daily News, Time-Life, The Christian Science Monitor.* When the obvious inequities in such an arrangement were pointed out (why not *Look* magazine or Scripps-Howard?) and when it was noted that the expense of maintaining representatives in China would automatically hold down the number of China correspondents, Dulles agreed to make a quick informal survey of exactly how many US news organizations would actually open bureaus in China were the travel ban partially lifted. That is where matters stand now.

What if, as a result of the Department's poll, the Secretary concedes that any US news-gathering organization which intends to operate a ***permanent bureau*** in China may do so? Should that be accepted by the news fraternity as adequate? The answer in our judgment is "no," and not merely because any such limitation is an unfair and unnecessary limitation on the right of the press to go out and get the news anywhere. The "news" gathered by such organizations as the 12 listed above is little more than the raw material out of which understanding of contemporary China may come. What the American public also needs is informed interpretation by specialists commissioned to visit China who are, by the very nature of their work, rarely employed full-time in news bureaus.

To take just one illustration, how many of even the most conscientious newspapermen have had or will have time to learn Chinese in the press of reporting duties, and how many can count on a long enough tenure in China to justify the effort? Any State Department formula which would preclude interpretive reporting by specially commissioned observers—scholars and free-lancers with expert competence, including command of Chinese—would be inadequate.

Moreover, it is just possible that we may get all dressed up and have no place to go. Secretary Dulles speaks as if it were entirely up to him—and the US—whether our journalists go to China for six months, or longer, or not at all. True, the Chinese have expressed their willingness to admit American correspondents. But the question of *resident* correspondents has never come up. The invitations extended to 15 leading Far Eastern correspondents last August, as well as the entry permits granted to Edmund Stevens and William Worthy last December, applied to strictly limited periods. The State Department indicates that in the Geneva talks between Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson and Peking's Wang Ping-nan—the latest on July 12—the newsmen issue has not been discussed in detail. We don't know, therefore, whether the Chinese are in fact prepared to permit resident correspondents at all. Nor would it be surprising—it would certainly be amusingly Chinese—for Peking to point out politely that while *visitors* are welcome, *residents* require certain consular services which cannot unfortunately be provided at present under the policy of non-recognition so firmly defended by Mr. Dulles.

Air Force Cover-Up

LAST November, Secretary of Defense Wilson gave the Air Force sole responsibility for developing and using intermediate and long-range missiles. This month, the military analyst of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips, U.S.A. (Ret.), quoting "foreign intelligence sources," reported that the Soviet Union has fired successfully 10 intercontinental missiles, more than sixty 800-mile missiles, and a "considerable number" of missiles with a range of about 1,800 miles. By contrast, wrote General Phillips, there has been only one successful firing of our Army's intermediate range missile "Jupiter," as against five failures. And the lone attempt by the Air Force to fire our intercontinental missile ("Atlas") has failed.

Could the Russians be that far ahead of us? Not according to a front-page story in the *New York Times* which appeared three days after General Phillips' report. The *Times* story, written by Jack Raymond and headed "Russia believed to trail US in ballistic missiles," stated,

> The reports accepted by authorities here [Washington] contradict published assertions that the Soviet Union

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> has successfully tested an intercontinental ballistic missile. . . . The belief is reinforced here that the Russians are in a very early motor-testing stage with their intercontinental missile.

To which columnist Stewart Alsop replied that the *Times* was passing out "soothing syrup" from "official dispensers." Alsop said further that the Russians are now testing five intermediate range missiles a month.

There is convincing evidence that Phillips and Alsop are much nearer the truth than the *Times*. Which raises the question: why the cover-up? Part of the answer has been given by the careful military reporter for the *Washington Post*, John G. Norris, who places the missiles controversy against its industrial background.

Secretary Wilson's order of last November not only assigned the Air Force sole responsibility for land-based missiles exceeding a 200-mile range, but also changed in an important way our whole weapons procurement policy. For prior to last November, the Army, which conducts its weapons research largely at government arsenals with government scientists and engineers, was competing with the Air Force development program, which is carried out almost entirely by a group of private companies headed by Douglas Aircraft. Despite the fact that the successful American test of an intermediate range ballistic missile grew out of the Army program at Redstone Arsenal, Wilson's order relieved government-hired scientists of any further responsibility and turned over the entire job to the Air Force—which is to say, to private enterprise.

This was the issue in the recent court martial trial of Col. John C. Nickerson, the Army's missile specialist at Redstone, who was accused of showing classified documents to news writers in his effort to reverse the Wilson order. Nickerson told the court that the aircraft industry might be influencing government decisions by offering post-retirement jobs to top officers in all the services, and that this influence was harmful to the security interests of the country—as evidenced by the Wilson decision against the Army's "Jupiter" missile.

Is there anything in Nickerson's implication of collusion? It can't be proved, but consider what is at stake for the aircraft industry. Lt. Gen. James Gavin, the Army's chief of research and development, told Congress some time ago that within four years the army expected to have a short-range missile with a nuclear warhead capable of total destruction of all "air-breathing" vehicles—that is, any craft, whether manned or not, that flies within the earth's atmosphere above a given defense point. This would mean that conventional aircraft would cease to play any major role in future warfare; almost the entire function of long-range bombardment and defense against such attack would be surrendered to ballistic missiles.

The implications of this testimony were not lost on the Air Force, which agrees with Gavin's forecast. Either the Air Force would gain control of the new missile programs, or it would be doomed. The meaning was equally clear to the aircraft industry. Much more was at stake than simply the $3 billion in new missile work this year. In three decades, the aircraft industry has become the third largest industrial giant in the nation, sustained very largely by Air Force contracts for conventional-type planes. Not only profits but survival would depend upon the industry's gaining responsibility for the missile program of the future. It did so through Secretary Wilson's November order.

Going After Butler

AN ORGANIZED effort is being made to oust Paul Butler from the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee. The big city leaders have never liked his "reform" approach to organization, and the money raisers for the party complain that his ideas lead to bigger payrolls to add to the $600,000 campaign debt from 1956 which remains to be repaid. The two groups have combined to replace Butler with a man of their own, and are putting other party business aside until they have done so.

But if the Democratic Party is in trouble the reasons are far more complex and profound than the personality of Mr. Butler. In fact, he has been an energetic and constructive chairman, encouraging local leaders to modernize the party machinery and to organize around ideas instead of patronage alone. In qualities of character, like his predecessor Steve Mitchell he is far superior to most of the chairmen who came before. But apparently this is not what the hierarchy values in a leader. Fortunately, the choice is not entirely theirs. All 107 members of the National Committee have a vote in the election of a chairman: a majority may have more foresight about the party interest than do some of the big-city professionals.

So Tote Dat Barge

IT IS Geneva, June 22, the 40th session of the International Labor Conference of the ILO. The Committee on Forced Labor has just presented its proposed convention to abolish "any form of forced or compulsory labor" anywhere in the world. Mr. Cola G. Parker, US employers' delegate and board chairman of the National Association of Manufacturers, abstains:

> The employers of the United States support the principles that it is inappropriate to embody in an inter-

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national draft treaty provisions governing the relationship of an individual to his own government.

The government delegate of the USSR, Amasasp Avakimovich Arutinunian, votes "Yes":

The representative of the United States employers does not conceal the fact that he is against this convention. Well, nobody expected him to be in favor of it. . . . Gentlemen, everyone of us knows that it is the representatives of the employers of the exploiting classes of America who are the supporters of the retention of those traces of slavery that are still to be found in that country . . . racial discrimination, debt bondage and the use of forced labor of Mexican and Puerto Rican workers.

Algeria—Independence Is In Sight

London

THE IMPOSSIBLE lasts longer in France than anywhere else in the world. None the less, it does now look as if the Algerian crisis will come to a head before the end of this year, and that somehow or other France will contrive to unload the crushing burden which this has imposed on her ever since she got rid of Indo-China.

For at least 18 months Algeria has cost France more in men, money, moral standards and diplomatic influence than in theory she should be able to bear, and at no moment has there been any sign that this colossal expenditure was likely to create the conditions for a settlement. On the contrary, such small grounds as once existed for hoping that some nationalist leaders might consider a compromise have now disappeared. And there are still half a million Frenchmen tied down in brutalizing repression of the Algerian people, and still billions of francs a day cascading into the bottomless pit.

Now the money is almost all gone. Her reserves exhausted, France is reduced to inflationary borrowing from her national bank. For the first time for some years, the cost of living has again begun to shoot up. The Government has had to slash imports just at the moment it is asking the Assembly to ratify the Common Market which would open France permanently to free trade with the rest of Europe. Since America will not make France a new loan while she is carrying on the Algerian war, France is now looking to Western Germany for aid. But the West Germans, however much they may relish the irony of having their former victor in pawn, have valuable Asian and African markets to lose if they come to France's rescue.

The Mollet Government fell last month because its supporters would not pay the cost of the Algerian war. The Bourges-Manoury Government which succeeded it managed to impose some new financial sacrifices on the French people. This has done more than anything else to force the average Frenchman to consider whether the game is worth the candle. In particular, the new gasoline tax has hit precisely those lower-middle-class voters who normally provide the solid base for chauvinism in any country.

Also, for months now sections of the Catholic and Mendès-France intelligentsia have been protesting against the degradation of moral standards inseparable from such a full-scale colonial war—in particular against torture and the shooting of hostages. This essentially moral opposition was enormously reinforced a few weeks ago by the independent Conservative columnist, Raymond Aron, who published a brilliant pamphlet denying the basic political and economic assumptions on which France's Algerian policy has been based. Apart from the cultural and ethnic absurdity of pretending that the Arabs and Berbers are European Frenchmen, Aron pointed out that in a generation's time the Arabs will outnumber the French in Algeria by not nine to one, as at present, but eighteen to one. In such a situation Algeria can only be a drain on the French economy if it is constitutionally linked with France. Thus France's wisest course would be to give Algeria its independence, and to resettle at home those French "colons" who were unable or unwilling to adjust themselves to living as a minority in an Arab state.

In the long run, this is probably the inevitable outcome of France's failure to face facts in time. But Aron would scarcely have risked publishing so drastic a diagnosis and prescription had he not felt that French opinion was at last ready for it. The fall of Mollet may have provided the catalyst. Only a Socialist Prime Minister could have persisted so long in a policy of force which was getting nowhere. Once he was out of office, a third of Mollet's Party felt free to express themselves against his Algerian policy. Conversely, only a right-wing Prime Minister can afford to start negotiating a surrender.

De Gaulle has been approached more than once in the last few weeks, but, though not averse to this role, is demanding too abject a capitulation by the parliamentarians who rejected him 10 years ago. But it is conceivable that in the inevitable financial crisis next autumn Mendès-France, the other great political Ishmael, might be able to win the General over as a latterday Hindenburg. Mendès-France is certainly no Hitler; but it is impossible to ignore the danger that Algeria might mean for French democracy what Versailles meant for the Weimar Republic, particularly if several hundred thousand dispossessed "colons" pour into France as refugees hungry for revenge. For this reason if no other, France's allies must show great tact and caution in the next few months. There is nothing that some French politicians would like better than to make the Americans or the British scapegoats for their national humiliation.

DENIS HEALEY

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The Superficial Aspect

Southern Juries

ATTORNEY-GENERAL BROWNELL was just a little too smart. That is the most important revelation of the Senate debate on the civil rights bill. To the extent that the bill was a protection of the Negro's right to vote it was invulnerable to successful attack, not in the Senate alone but even in the court of public opinion below the Potomac. That is demonstrated by the care with which the Southern speakers avoided challenging the right.

They concentrated their fire on Section III of the bill, thereby enabling Richard B. Russell of Georgia to close his career in a burst of glory, and Sam J. Ervin of North Carolina to make a reputation as a shrewd analyst. For between them they demonstrated that the thing is not straightforward legislation, but is strewn with steel-traps, deadfalls and spring-guns so thickly that a law-abiding citizen could approach it only at grave risk.

The Supreme Court alone can pass on the constitutionality of such legislation, but the most superficial observer can see that whatever its legal status, its moral foundation is highly questionable. It is based upon the assumption that no Southern jury can be relied on in cases under this law to respect its oath to be guided solely by the evidence presented. No such assumption is a morally sound basis of legislation.

A jury presented with incontrovertible evidence that a man is guilty, if it finds that man not guilty is itself perjured. It happens, of course. But it happens in Massachusetts and Illinois, as well as in Georgia and Alabama, and nowhere does it happen often enough to justify abandonment of trial by jury in criminal cases. Therefore legislation based on the assumption that it would be the rule, not the exception, in the South is in effect a bill of attainder working corruption of the blood in a whole population.

The old legal phrase "corruption of the blood" means that by criminal conduct a man has forfeited his rights of citizenship. Once attainted, he is thereafter ineligible to appear as a witness or to serve as a juror—a procedure so monstrous that the Constitution of the United States explicitly prohibits bills of attainder and even England abandoned the last vestiges of the doctrine as long ago as 1870. Yet when the law assumes that any jury drawn from a certain population is to be regarded as perjured in advance, then that entire population is in effect attainted. One of its rights of citizenship is deemed forfeited.

"I," Edmund Burke confessed, "do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people." The author of Section III seems to have regarded himself as more ingenious; and thereby he opened the way for a shattering attack on an otherwise good piece of legislation.

Before Russell and Ervin disclosed the true inwardness of Section III the promised Southern filibuster against the civil rights bill was regarded with distaste not only in the North and West but among the more intelligent Southerners, as well. As long as it appeared to be strictly and solely an effort to protect the ballot, no literate man could put much heart into an attack on it, and liberals elsewhere could fight for it without reservation. But when the deviousness of Section III was revealed, liberals were hamstrung, while the filibuster gained a measure of sympathy and even respect.

Has the ingenuity of Mr. Brownell then actually indicted the South, or merely indicted the bill? As these lines are written the chances seem to be that it is the bill that will suffer. The civil rights of the Negro, after all, are worth defending only as civil rights of everybody. Surely, there are ways of protecting the Negro's right to vote without impairing the right of everyone to trial by jury.

As a matter of fact there is one very promising way embodied in the bill. It is simply to establish the principle of federal intervention when the right to vote is denied on racial grounds. The trouble is, it is no instantaneous cure and therefore is of relatively small value to political quacks fishing for the Negro vote.

IF ONE Southern election official is put to the risk and trouble of standing trial, the lesson will not be lost even if the first one is acquitted. Mere persecution is no joke. It is bothersome and expensive, regardless of the outcome. Furthermore, whether Attorney-General Brownell believes it or not, the risk will be very considerable. There will be juries in the South who will find their verdict according to the evidence, however much they may dislike the law; and convictions will steadily increase with the passage of time.

It will be found difficult to make a hero of a man sent to jail by a jury of his peers; but Americans sentenced by a judge without trial by jury will be ideal material for a new martyrology.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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New Critics of the Court

by DAVID RIESMAN

I HAVE BEEN spending the Fourth of July, 1957, reading the great Supreme Court decisions of June 17—the best news the friends of freedom in this country have had for a long time. And I have also been trying to get a sense of public response to the decisions, and this I find disturbing. I want in this article to comment on the negative climate of response in terms of some concepts of contemporary social science, as well as to indicate some of the sources for support of the Court and of civil liberties.

In a book published a few years ago, a group of scholars at the University of California developed a significant distinction between genuine conservatives and those whom they termed "pseudo-conservatives": people of conventional exterior opinion, superficially deferential to constituted authority, but who unconsciously were filled with destructiveness and rebellion.[1] Fundamentally cynical, and fearing above all else to be weak and gullible, such people tended to attach themselves to power, and to such symbols of power as the nation-state, though resenting it. They could not come to terms with their own ambivalence toward authority, among other things because they could not tolerate ambiguity: they perceived both the world and themselves in grossly oversimplified fashion, in black and white. The Berkeley authors saw fascism and fascistic attitudes as drawing support from the inner dynamics of these types; and while explanations of social events in terms of psychological syndromes must of course be handled with care, it seems to me that a good deal of the recent criticism of the Supreme Court by people who claim to be conservatives reveals that they are, in fact, such pseudo-conservatives. They care, not for America's heritage, but for its power; and when the Court reminds them that the heritage is at least as important as the power, their hidden nihilism turns against the Court.

They would not dare do this if the Court were unequivocally powerful and aggressive. But the Court, though theoretically a coordinate branch of the government, has minuscule powers of implementation; it depends entirely on its prestige (the Pope, too, is short on divisions, but he does have Orders, like that of the Jesuits, to spread his views). Moreover, there may be times when the Court is not only weak politically, because unpopular, but also divided: in the great decisions of June 17, it spoke with more than one voice and, unlike the desegregation cases, the eloquent Chief Justice wrote (notably in the *Sweezy* case) for less than a majority; moreover, Mr. Justice Clark, who joined the unanimous bench in the desegregation cases and wrote for the Court in the *Slochower* case, spoke in the recent civil liberties cases with the forceful and unambiguous simplicities of the psuedo-conservative. In civil liberties cases, principles alone are not enough, for they often contradict each other; the Court must choose among competing goods, as well as among the competing precedents which enshrine its previous choices among those goods.

In this perspective, the recent decisions are more courageous even than the admirable school desegregation cases (especially coming as they do in the wake of the fury stirred up by the latter). For racial bigotry is now largely "impossible" in educated circles in America, outside the Black Belt counties of the South where the white colonists huddle together like Boers in an alien veldt. Markedly since World War II, racial bigotry has lost the biological and other rationalizations which once served to subdue what Gunnar Myrdal referred to as an American dilemma (a dilemma primarily for the college-educated upper-middle-class American and not for the naïvely and unselfconsciously bigoted of lesser education). In contrast, there are easy rationalizations for violations of civil liberties—the Soviet Union, Red China, their satellite parties, and their fellow-travelers provide them every day. Thus, it is not surprising that the vocal reactionaries in and out of Congress have launched an attack on the Court as itself "subversive."

It is possible, especially for the uneducated, to believe in good faith that domestic subversion remains at least a potential threat; and for the sophisticated in slightly less good faith to believe that taking the spotlight off the investigating committees may jeopardize national defense indirectly, on the ground that Americans only vote appropriations for defense and foreign aid under pres-

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[1] See T. W. Adorno, Else Frenkel-Brunswik, D. J. Levinson, and R. Nevitt Sanford, *The Authoritarian Personality* (Harper's, 1950); see, also, Daniel Bell, ed., *The New American Right* (Criterion, 1955).

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sure of fear and misinformation. So, too, the question of the constitutionality and good sense of the Smith Act can be argued either way. Nonetheless, I believe that most of the attacks on the Court come from people who should know better, and who often do. In a battle between Court and Congress, the immediate rhetorical advantages lie with the latter: the individual Congressman can speak in slogans which make ambiguity seem un-American *per se,* while the court in civil liberties cases has a task of inherent intricacy which it must seek to explain to its own new recruits, to lower federal and state courts and district attorneys, as well as to prideful if not spiteful Congressmen, the practicing and criticizing bar, and the literate public.

BECAUSE this is so complex a task in the face of millions who distrust complexity—who "don't get it" —Mr. Eisenhower's comments on the decisions at his press conference were unsatisfactory. Unwilling to take the risk of bringing the Court under his protection, he failed to respond with enthusiasm to the Court's renewed role as monitor of national sanity. Rather, he repeated his frequent adage about the separation of powers: in effect, "they do their job and I do mine." And he added that, like anyone else, he was entitled to his own strong views on this or that decision—leaving the pretty clear implication that these views were negative. Yet, being not simply a pseudo-conservative, but a genuine one, too, he was troubled when reminded by a newspaperman that the Court could not defend itself; he responded that the Court could in fact defend itself, and did so by writing opinions for all to read.

To be sure, those who do read are much more likely to value civil liberties than those who do not; they have, if not a vested interest in freedom, at least some exposure to it. But the constituency of civil liberties in this country has always been quite small. The public-opinion data in Professor Samuel Stouffer's *Communism, Conformity and Civil Liberties* show that college education and middle-class circumstances tend to make people less xenophobic, less suspicious, more interested in and less frightened of new currents of thought; thus, even DAR chapter presidents who have been to college are in these respects more enlightened than union members who have not. But the pseudo-conservative exists, being a characterological rather than a political type, among the college educated as well as in the lower-middle class: Stouffer shows that there still is a substantial minority of college-educated people who would fire professors who are socialists or atheists—as would the vast majority of the non-college educated; and his data indicate that this outlook goes together with some of the motivational patterns delineated by the authors of *The Authoritarian Personality.* Thus, if we look simply at the distribution of attitudes in the population at large, it becomes clear that civil liberties depend more on the apathy of some than on the sympathy of others; moreover, the "average" American does not distinguish between Communists, socialists, atheists, or the scientists who would tamper with "God's water" by fluoridation (they are less hostile to those who tamper with "God's air" by hydrogen bombs).[2]

As I have indicated, the defense of civil liberties is weak not only because the issues involved are rhetorically complex, but also because, outside the Court itself, few organized interests lobby for liberty (while, of course, the greatly augmented security forces in and out of government, not to mention certain individual politicians and Congressmen, now have a vested interest directly opposed to civil liberties as the Court interprets them). The press, to be sure, has supported the First Amendment, though presently with disquieting moderation; book publishers have often been valiant, and movie-makers understandably only on occasion. The brokerage function of the city boss and of the party system, on which ethnic minorities can rely for some protection—as well as gangsters and other outlawed groups for "protection"—cannot be invoked to assist freedom of speech and association.[3] While the NAACP and the Urban League, by fighting for Negro civil rights, can help mobilize liberal and Christian white sentiment, and while, moreover, racial tolerance is part of the code of conduct of many educated young people today—part of the ethic of their behavior in private life—there are no similar points of mobilization for civil liberties issues. Indeed, the dismaying withdrawal of the Fund for the Republic from concern with emergency problems of civil liberties to concern with perhaps more remote and probably less tendentious issues (see *NR,* June 24, 1957, p. 5) deprives the ACLU and the handful of disinterested supporters of civil liberties of one of their few modest props. Furthermore, free speech and association cannot by their nature become part of the code of tolerance in private life which the young have adopted: to defend free speech, or to put civilized limits on loyalty investigations, they would have to organize and become political. And while the producers of ideas—writers and profes-

[2] This generalization must be qualified by the fact that historically the Democratic Party has linked welfare goals with civil liberty trimmings, and, through its leadership and that of such union leaders as the Reuthers, has periodically been brought into the defense of civil liberties. Professor S. M. Lipset develops this point, and applies it to the mass parties of the Left in Europe, in his paper before the Congress for Cultural Freedom at Milan.

[3] I have heard it said that the drive for respectability of book and magazine distributors (I am speaking of paperbound books) makes them vulnerable to organizations which seek to censor "indecent" literature: they are insufficiently callous and profit-motivated to defend free enterprise in printed matter. This social mobility of a once-fringe trade makes the Supreme Court's decision in the obscenity cases all the more serious and regrettable. Cf. the excellent issue on "Obscenity and the Arts" in *Law and Contemporary Problems,* Vol. 20, Duke University Press, 1955, p. 531.

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sors—have some rudimentary organization, as in the American Association of University Professors, the consumers of ideas, including students, are about as badly off as other unorganized consumer groups.

The professors, moreover, and other intellectual groups have achieved only a modicum of solidarity on many current civil liberties issues. The rightist press and politicians, without their brain trust of ex-Communists, ex-fellow-travelers, and pseudo-conservatives, would have been unable to conduct most of their investigations and onslaughts: they could hardly have hit even the barn door of Communist espionage and infiltration, let alone added anything to the FBI's watchfulness. Uncompromisingly opposed to the investigations and all security measures were some brave pacifists and Socialists, as well as those we might term "pseudo-liberals," a small handful of men witlessly or disingenuously blind to Communism, or applying a double standard to it (and supporters of the Court only when it was useful and not when its decisions, as during the New Deal, impeded desirable legislative reforms). In the middle have been most liberal professors and serious intellectuals, myself included, who have been awake to the conspiratorial nature of the Communist Party—and all too aware of the near impossibility of publicly defending the rights of Communist professors and civil servants even in non-sensitive jobs. We have tended to range ourselves along a continuum of reasons and rationalizations, some of them provided by the forensic skill of Sidney Hook; a few among us have remained unreconciled to the whole security and investigative apparatus, while the rest of us have come to reluctant terms, as in signing loyalty oaths for teachers, with the less unequivocally indefensible parts of the civic and academic legacy of the Cold and the Korean Wars. It is salutory for us to be reminded by the opinions of the Chief and of Justice Frankfurter in the *Sweezy* case how far-fetched have been some of the arguments advanced to justify the investigations into alleged subversion.

No small handful are the pseudo-conservatives among the educated and the semi-educated who must combat a very different internal dilemma: they must reconcile their self-image as conventional, as believers in the tried and true, with their actual contempt and hostility toward the Supreme Court. Some have done this in recent weeks by attacking the Court for "changing its mind," for wavering; but this won't quite do, for such change is part of the Court's tradition; and so they often add that the Court is led by a conspiracy, if not gulled by Communists. If they can brand the Court as vacillating and unpatriotic, they can rob it of the aura of soundness and stability to which they lay claim.

To be sure, the audience for this argument among the general population is not very large. Even at the height of McCarthy's power, as poll data show, there were

Among the Unfriendly . . .

"[The Supreme Court's decisions relating to subversive activities] have set the United States back 25 years in its attempt to make certain that those loyal to a foreign power cannot create another Trojan horse here."

—LOUIS C. WYMAN, *Attorney General of New Hampshire, President, National Association of Attorneys General*

"[The decision freeing five California Communists] coupled with other recent decisions of the Supreme Court prompts me to say what this country needs most today is a Supreme Court of lawyers with a reasonable amount of common sense and who will apply it in deliberations rather than follow untenable detours into a strange philosophy and unsound logic to make the wrong decisions.

—JOHN L. MCCLELLAN (D, Ark.) *Chairman of the Senate Investigations Subcommittee*

"I do not recall any case decided by the present Court which the Communists have lost."

—REP. HOWARD W. SMITH (D, Va.)

"The Supreme Court's steady and insidious erosion of all protective safeguards against subversion, if not arrested by the Congress, will prove far deadlier to our security and future than the hydrogen and atomic bombs. . . .

—CONG. JAMES C. DAVIS (D, Ga.), *June 20, 1957*

"I fear more the Supreme Court of the United States as presently constituted than I do Russia."

—CONG. GEORGE W. ANDREWS (D, Ala.), *June 20, 1957*

"Naturally, Moscow should be happy. All they need do now is to instruct their Communist *Daily Worker* editorials how to adapt themselves to the new ruling. The Communist *Daily Worker* editorials have assumed all along that the Court would decide some day as it did this week, that a man can betray this country and in certain circumstances get away with it."

—DAVID LAWRENCE, *The Washington Evening Star, June 19, 1957*

"The Court has usurped the power of the Congress, the State appellate courts and the juries of the States. In the exercise of dictatorial powers the difference between the Kremlin and the Supreme Court is that the Kremlin is composed of 11 men and the Supreme Court only 9."

—THE STATE *(Columbia, S. Car.), June 19, 1957*

"Of course, I have no documentary proof, and I suspected by design there is none. But speaking only for myself, I strongly suspect that the modern Thaddeus Stevens, now cloaked in the robes of the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, has a thorough and complete knowledge of what could and would be done under the [civil rights] bill. . . ."

—SEN. HARRY F. BYRD (D, Va.) *on the floor of the Senate, July 16, 1957.*

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many Americans who had never heard of him; and millions who were "for" him, in my judgment, found emotional gratification in his vindictiveness and toughness—as they might from other mass-media figures of equal aggression—but were only marginally his partisans in terms of specific and sustained political support. Many Americans, avid readers of *Confidential, Whisper, Hush,* and the other magazines which have, for a large population, replaced the idolatrous fan magazines with savage (rather than simply sexy) exposure, will no doubt be glad to be told that the Justices of the Supreme Court, like other celebrities, are traitors and connivers.[4] A few years ago a poll of the comparative prestige of occupations, conducted by the National Opinion Research Center, showed that the Justices were ranked at the very top (higher even than physicians)—all the more reason, then, for delight in the debunking of them. But these "anti-fans," as one might term them, are not a lobby or a party, being inactive save in occasional elections; they are too fundamentally unpolitical to constitute a serious danger to the Court (outside the South).

It is important to realize this, lest the Court itself conceivably be intimidated by the current wave of attack to the point of failing to carry further the implications of its recent decisions, or even to stick by them unequivocally in the face of attempts by Congress and state legislatures to get around them.[5] Some of the more thoughtful members of the present Court are historically minded: they know the Court has often acted prematurely, as in the *Dred Scott* case, or the income tax case of the 1890s, or the Liberty League decisions of the 1935-36 term. Justice Frankfurter, for instance, is preternaturally aware that the Court has been wrong before, and could be wrong again, a view which leads him to want to postpone judgment on critical constitutional issues or to decide them on peripheral points. Having seen it abused, such Justices fear to make extensive use of the countervailing power of the Court—no doubt, they also fear nullification if they go "too far" too often.[6] In earlier days, before public-opinion polls and the massification of the media, the educated were only periodically made aware of the fact that the underprivileged did not share their outlook: a fact they might regard as socially depressing but not personally relevant. Today, in contrast, the educated are more aware, sometimes more tolerant of the intolerant, and in any event less arrogant. For better and worse, it is harder for them to assume that all "right-thinking people" react as they do.

Those who react otherwise have, of course, extremely vocal spokesmen in Congress and in the state legislatures: bodies that reflect what Professor W. Lloyd Warner refers to as the "middle majority"; the great lower-middle-class and middle-middle-class levels of American life.[7] The upper strata are, of course, far from voiceless in this representative body: that is what lobbyists, much of the press and other media, and occasional Senators are for; but they can protect their money and corporate power somewhat less badly than they can protect what are, for them, only peripheral preoccupations with civil liberties.

Nevertheless, it is from these strata that much of the politically influential support for civil liberties has come. The trustees of leading private colleges and universities, when properly led by the institution's officials, have frequently been true conservatives and, as such, indispensable supports for academic freedom. (Very likely, had Paul Sweezy lectured at Sarah Lawrence, Harvard, MIT, Chicago, Stanford, or the University of Wisconsin, he would have had more protection than the hard-pressed officials of the University of New Hampshire dared provide.) It is noteworthy that, as shown in Professor Stouffer's study, leadership groups are more supportive of civil liberties even than educated groups in general; among them, the most staunch for civil liberties are the local newspaper publishers and the presidents of local bar associations.

Indeed, outside of academic and intellectual circles, it is only among newspapermen and lawyers that there is much of a tradition, and much training, in handling complex and dialectical problems—or in hearing and stating differentiated positions. Tocqueville saw the press as an indispensable support for freedom in America, but the number of papers which take this responsibility seriously, when it comes to explicating serious problems, remains small. Tocqueville also thought when

[4] The pseudo-conservatives, as I have remarked, fear above all to be thought gullible, and prefer to jump to cynical conclusions; they can dismiss the Court's lessons in civic decency by shouting "It's all politics"—they are, of course, "above" politics (and often, also, as self-styled independents, "above" party). That Mr. Eisenhower, too, is considered to be above politics helps explain the fact that he remains, for the great majority even of pseudo-conservatives, undebunked; moreover, he claims no eminence, no cleverness, no complexity: if above party, he is not above people.

[5] Quite apart from his personal views, the President, who hates to quarrel with Congress, may defer to the Court's critics in future appointments to the Federal Bench—not realizing that his appointment of Chief Justice Warren may turn out to be his most creative contribution to domestic policy. Likewise, the humiliating inquisition by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate before Mr. Justice Brennan was allowed to take his seat was not encouraging as to Congressional respect for freedom of opinion on that Bench: Mr. Justice Brennan answered questions not markedly dissimilar in tone to those asked Mr. Sweezy by Attorney-General Louis Wyman of New Hampshire.

[6] As law clerk to Mr. Justice Brandeis in the 1935-36 term of the Court, I was well indoctrinated in this outlook, as well as sharing Brandes' disapproval of the Roosevelt court-packing scheme the following year. Constitutional government, of course, requires respect for both legislative and judicial decisions one detests—just as the Bill of Rights, in my opinion, requires permitting pornography and even *Confidential* to circulate.

[7] In its committees, and occasionally under brave leadership outside them, Congress can rise higher than its own origins and constituencies; it might rise higher still if Congressmen and their staffs were not forced to live in a city less of a company town than it was in earlier generations, but still only marginally civilized.

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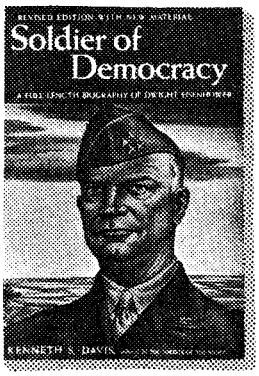
he visited America that the lawyers might become a new aristocracy, but I suspect that the views of the profession (even outside the ranks of lawyer-Congressmen) are becoming steadily "democratized." In fact, many eminent, conservative lawyers have been hesitant to defend men accused of disloyalty, fearing their own and even more their firms' guilt by association with such clients; in this way, the bar has given signs of losing its previously jealously guarded independence as a vested interest of its own.[8]

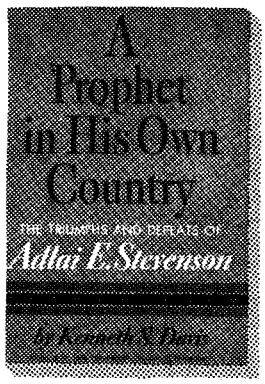
To be sure, had there not been a few lawyers, non-Communists of vigor and principle who had faith in the eventual vindication of civil decency and freedom, these cases of the last few weeks would not have reached the Supreme Court or would have done so without the illumination the briefs ably gave the Court amid the conflicting precedents. But on the whole it seems fair to say that the bar has been silent during the whole build-up of the pseudo-conservative climate of thought, as if the security nightmare and McCarthyism generally were none of its particular business. In theory, practicing lawyers are "officers of the court"; historically, the bar has expounded and developed constitutional government, frequently with a proud aloofness toward interests other than those of property. Today, the issues which divide Americans seldom concern property; they concern ideas and the protection of intangible interests. The Supreme Court needs "officers" and friends—professional *amici* and lay brethren alike—to explain its recent judgments as an aspect of the never-ending task of subduing the raging chauvinisms of our day to judicial scrutiny and limitation.

[8] This is one reason, I believe, why the defense of some men accused before investigating committees has gravitated to counsel under Communist control who encouraged their clients to plead the Fifth Amendment (rather than the First, when asked about former associates no longer actively disloyal), thus obfuscating the issue to the advantage both of the committees and of the Communist Party.

Eisenhower and Stevenson



The biographer of both men considers the contrasting qualities of his two subjects and the dissimilar problems each presents to a writer. Mr. Davis' book on General Eisenhower, Soldier of Democracy, *was first published in 1945. His biography of Mr. Stevenson, also published by Doubleday and entitled* A Prophet in His Own Country, *will appear on Aug. 1.*



by KENNETH S. DAVIS

PLUTARCH, as everyone knows, created his masterpiece as a series of Parallel Lives. In each he wrote of one Greek and one Roman whose careers seemed to him in some sense "parallel," concluding with an essay comparing and contrasting the two men. It has occurred to me that, within the severe limits of my talent, I have been emulating Plutarch in this "parallelism." Late in 1945 I published a biography of Dwight D. Eisenhower; in late 1956 I completed a biography of Adlai E. Stevenson; and in the concluding sections of the latter work it has been necessary to compare and contrast the two men.

There is a sense, I suppose, in which these two "lives" might be said to deal with a Greek and a Roman. Certainly Dwight Eisenhower—the pragmatic administrator, the general who applies the military staff concept to government, the politician who has become a prime focus and symbol of "human engineering" in our time—seems to fit fairly well our stereotyped view of the Roman man of affairs. Adlai Stevenson seems to fit equally well our stereotyped view of the Greek in his aversion to all forms of excess, his espousal of a temperate and individualistic reasonableness in an age of conformist passions, his personal example of growth-in-balance toward an integrity of spirit and body. Moreover, the latter's political fate might seem to be such as a Periclean Athenian might have suffered who was born in Rome during the 1st Century B. C.

In any case, the difference between the two men renders far different the problems a writer faces who

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would present full-length portraits of them while they are yet living, influential, and hence controversial public figures.

VIVIDLY I remember the initial struggle I had to make to come to grips with Eisenhower as "problem" during the last year of World War II. I spoke of it in the closing pages of my book about him, quoting some notes written in Normandy in July and August, 1944:

> It is almost impossible to write a biography of any depth, any significant density, when its subject is a man who has no interior life. . . . Eisenhower . . . is a man whose whole mental life is involved in *external* strategy. If he cares about meanings, even historical ones, I am not aware of it. . . . Yet he is caught up in historic circumstances. In writing about him one is impelled to carry meanings to him. . . . Meaning, significance, is not rooted in him; it only *adheres* to him. His significance is all external, imposed. He drifts with a destiny he probably does not understand, and he does nothing [practically] to determine it.

When these notes were written I was, I remember, almost in despair. Men whose intelligence and character I admired, and who had worked intimately with Eisenhower, told me flatly and with unmistakable sincerity that the Supreme Commander was a "great man," one of the "greatest captains of history." Yet when I sought to discover from them the nature of this greatness, nearly all of them stressed qualities in him which seemed to me as commonplace as they were obvious, while deprecating qualities which Eisenhower lacked, as they admitted, and which I had been conditioned to regard as essential to human greatness. He had a genius for popularity and compromise: men liked him, and their liking for him became a medium of cooperation between them. He had a swift, shrewd bridge-player's intelligence and the ability to employ it in situations whose very vastness and crucial historic importance would breed in most men a species of timid superstition. But this ability seemed to me (when I wrote the notes) to stem from his very lack of imagination. Certainly he manifested no intellectual interests: his reading, aside from the documents necessary to his job, was almost exclusively confined to Western pulp magazines which his orderly, Sergeant Mickey McKeogh, had shipped to him by the bale. Moreover, it was difficult for me to determine precisely what decisions the Supreme Commander was making, and had made; he described himself frankly as "chairman of the board" and he certainly seemed to operate in that way.

Yet I, too, concluded as I pondered the matter that Eisenhower was indeed a great man. No man, I told myself, is great in all ways and all situations. Whether he is great at all or not depends very largely upon the historic context in which he happens to be placed and within which his particular qualities are effective. Eisenhower, in the position he then occupied, was effective: he was even immensely successful by the standards which, I concluded, then properly applied to him.

"Eisenhower is a mirror of democracy," said one of my notes. "Use Sidney Hook's neat distinction between 'eventful' and 'event-making' men. Ike mirrors events, colors them with his personality, but never [in the deep sense] *causes* them." And it was at this point that my mind, apparently, worked its way from a negative to a positive attitude toward my subject, for I went on: "But that's absurd. To color such mighty events as these is in itself a creative act. . . . History may yet write Eisenhower's special qualities down as determining forces in the world stream. Must avoid the intellectual's fallacy—belief if that a thing is simple it is without significance, or if obvious without truth."

The book I then wrote was imbued with a warm liking for the man personally and with a profound admiration for his career up 'til then. If sharply critical of the handling of political arrangements in North Africa, it absolved Eisenhower of blame for these, since his role there was "passive." The book's major focus, however, was not upon the individual man as mind or spirit, clearly distinguishable from his historic context; rather was it upon that context whereby the man was molded and through which he grew into a potent, active symbol of democracy in arms. The publisher advertised it as a "great American success story."

FAR different was the struggle attending my introduction to Stevenson as biographical "problem." At no point did I feel that I was "impelled to carry meanings to him" or that he drifted "with a destiny . . . he does not understand." On the contrary, Stevenson's sense of history and of the role he was playing in it was as profound as it was objective, and the writer's task was to sharpen his own sense of these against that of his subject when he and his subject held somewhat different views.

When beginning the Eisenhower project I wrote to myself: "Don't try so hard to understand him. . . . Be passive. Passivity need not be negative. You have to accept before you can criticize and reject. Let him work on you. Stick to *facts*, as he does." No such notes were written at the beginning of the "research" on Stevenson. From the first I realized that a full knowledge of the external facts could never lead very far toward an understanding of this extremely complicated personality, this far from simple mind, this "infinite wit and variety." The bare facts, indeed, might be misleading, hiding from a biographer the complex motives from which these facts often spring.

Nor was it possible to arrive at understanding merely by accepting the man in his complexity and then letting him "work" on one's mind. One might feel confident that he "knew" Eisenhower well almost from the moment of meeting him, provided one knew his past history, since his appearance was with relatively slight

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modification his reality. One could be reasonably sure that he would remain essentially as he then appeared to be and that whatever changes were later made in one's assessment of him would be due, not to changes in the essential man, but to shifts of context whereby aspects of him that had theretofore been "played down" were "played up," and vice versa.

No such confidence attended one's initial knowledge of Stevenson. The understanding of him was a very active and even arduous labor, albeit a fascinating one, since he was full of surprises. It depended rather more upon intuition than upon factual survey or logical analysis, though the latter were necessary. And the conclusions at which one at last arrived were tentative and general, being a knowledge of process rather than event, of tendency rather than static entity.

For this was a man who grew, slowly but constantly, and within whom each of his several past selves was preserved, like the growth-rings of a tree, organically. In the earliest extended note I wrote about him, in November, 1955, I said:

> He was never a truly simple person, but certainly he has become steadily a more complex one. There's within him, and still living within him, the "saintly" little boy suffering from a mild form of "momism." There's the "smooth" young man of Princeton with more than a touch of unconscious snobbery in his attitudes, there's the ambitious man whose "spontaneity" is often a carefully calculated effect and who sometimes uses his subordinates [though he may not realize it] with great ruthlessness, there's the Quaker man of conscience in whom mingles a strong streak of what might be called Woodrow Wilson Calvinism, there's the Lincolnian lyric fatalist, there's the keen intellectual wit, and there's the humble dedicated servant.

I went on

> And what is the nature of this dedication? Why is it? These, perhaps, are the final questions for the book, and may give to the whole of it that "pilgrimage" or "questioning" quality I'd like for it to have. Mary Lou [Stevenson's then maid at Libertyville] spoke of the days and nights—a surprising number of them—when he is utterly alone at the farm. [This was in the late summer of 1955.] He eats alone, looking out the picture window from the dining table, out across the meadow toward the river. He tramps alone among the great trees or, if the weather is fine, he sits under one of them. Often, of course, he is working at his writing as he sits there, using one of those long-ruled yellow pads of his; and often, not writing, his mind must be filled up with the problems immediately facing him. But there must be many times when he takes the long view, and wonders what it all means, and why he is doing it.
>
> It is not for personal happiness. It is not, I think, for Power—for he doesn't strike me as the kind of mind and spirit that can regard Power (capitalized) as an end in itself. At such moments I think he may yield himself up almost wholly to that sense of process, and living tradition, in which he grew up, thinking of Jesse Fell and Abraham Lincoln, of his grandfather with Cleveland and Bryan, or all those bloodstreams which flowed together out of the American past to make him as an individual. But if he does this he must realize that he, as an individual, is real only insofar as he is a member of all those who went before him and all who will come after him. He does what he does for them, not for himself alone. He does what he does for History, or [perhaps it's the same thing] for God.

It is significant of Stevenson's quality, so very different from Eisenhower's, that one could write of him thus "lyrically," in the assurance that one did not essentially falsify his portrait, and that such notes, even after an intimate acquaintanceship with him, can be quoted without acute embarrassment. Certainly History was and is of the essence of Adlai Stevenson, but it is History as a living, growing thing. Concerning him, as I have said, all conclusions are general and tentative.

EVEN more tentative and general must be one's conclusions as to Stevenson's future historical importance. Assuming that his political career ended on November 6, 1956 (though the reports of his political demise may be "greatly exaggerated"), what will his significance prove to have been?

The whole economic tendency of our age, spurred by every technological advance, seems to be toward an ever more inclusive collectivism. The great political question of our age, I am persuaded, is whether this collectivism is to be responsible or irresponsible in democratic terms —whether it is to enhance or deny the essential individual freedoms of speech, inquiry, and conscience. If the ends of liberty are to be served, then surely there is required increasingly a politics that is truly educative, one that sharpens instead of blurring real issues as it "talks sense" to the people and encourages them to think critically for themselves.

In terms of this fundamental question, then, has Stevenson been an anachronism in American politics, engaged in a forlorn attempt to restore 18th Century rationalism to the public life of an age which is far "beyond" it? Will his implicit insistence upon the individual life as the proper aim and source of all public activity seem absurdly reactionary, at so late a date, to a people absorbed in huge and tightly organized economic endeavors, their leisure increasingly devoted to the pleasures of the senses? Or will he prove a harbinger of the future, anticipating a whole "new school" of politicians who, in the years ahead, will help us create on a world-wide scale such organization as will maintain individual liberty against the mass pressures of atomic energy, electronic automation, and a standardized communications system?

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Drugstore Culture

by Donald Malcolm

CONFRONTED with a collection of forty-nine controversial essays, in a book that numbers 561 pages and tips the scales at two and a quarter pounds, one naturally finds it difficult to do the subject proper justice—or even proper injustice. The essays range from radical acceptance of mass culture to radical rejection. The liberal wing inclines to welcome, as new and democratic forms of art, such phenomena as television and the comic strip. The conservative wing, among whose more fervent members I count myself, tends to see in mass culture a danger to the preservation of any genuine cultural values whatever.

Mass Culture, edited by Bernard Rosenberg and David Manning White (Free Press; $6.50).

A third group also requires comment. It is composed largely of sociologists and academics who wish only to measure and correlate, not to judge. Retaining our political analogy, they represent the Mugwumps, or perhaps the Know-Nothings. There is, for example, Bernard Berelson, whose mistitled essay, "Who Reads What Books and Why?" comes to the conclusion that "the state of popular reading is complicated, uneven, shifting, sometimes obscure." Addressing himself to the question of whether Americans generally read good books or bad ones, Mr. Berelson decides that both alternatives "may be true for different groups of readers at different times." A great deal depends, he continues shrewdly, on what we mean by "good" and "poor." Another Mugwump, Leo Bogart, has discovered that the practice of reading newspaper comic strips "has the characteristics of a habit." Moreover, "analysis of the content of the 'Dick Tracy' strip suggests that it might appeal to different kinds of readers for different reasons." Clearly there is an art, of a sort, in this studied avoidance of significance. And the master of that art, for my money, is Irving Crespi, in whose essay, "Card Playing As Mass Culture," pomposity of language and triviality of thought converge to a perfect point of nullity:

> A sociological analysis of card playing in terms of its effects upon group integration indicates what role card playing has in modern society. In playing, attention is focused on the exciting and depersonalized competition of actively seeking to attain the most powerful combination of cards. In the competitive struggle, the process of playing in itself is challenging and stimulating. In addition, the outcome of the game is tantalizing. . . . Furthermore, all those playing must be physically members of the group, seated around a common table, with attention focused on the cards—and in some cases stakes bet on the outcome of the game.

At this juncture, it behooves Mr. Crespi to ascertain the locus of an ancestress who is one degree removed in genealogical ascent and to instruct her in the art of displacing the interiority of an unfertilized ovule by means of the creation of a partial vacuum in the oral cavity—or, not to put too fine a point on it, to go teach his grandmother to suck eggs. We *know* that card players generally prefer sitting around a "common table" to standing in opposite corners of the room and hurling cards at one another. It seems to me that if Mr. Crespi and his fellow Mugwumps had taken the trouble to speak their minds with clarity and precision, they might have discovered that, properly speaking, they had no minds to speak.

Those I have called liberals are another matter entirely. It is difficult not to sympathize with them. After all, when one is informed that millions of Americans breathlessly follow the fortunes of Dick Tracy or those of Jackie Gleason, one naturally hesitates to declare so many of his fellow citizens dunderheads. Isn't the voice of the people the voice of God? But efforts to justify mass taste produce curious results. Leslie Fiedler, for instance, in his essay, "The Middle Against Both Ends," comes to the peculiar conclusion that it is only the middlebrow—the subscriber to the *Readers' Digest*—who does not care for comic books. Highbrow and lowbrow alike, he seems to believe, are united in their fidelity to *Plastic Man Comics.* Pending arrival of a notarized list of intellectuals who share this enthusiasm, I must disagree.

And then there is David Manning White, another liberal and co-editor of this volume. In an introductory essay, we find him defending mass culture against those critics who consider it a threat to all real cultural values. What about Olivier's televised version of *Richard III?* he asks, and what about *Marty?* But his argument loses its point when, in a subsequent essay titled "How to Read Li'l Abner Intelligently," he unhesitatingly declares Al Capp a genuine artist and compares him to Congreve. Moreover, "there is," he declares, "a Henry James complexity to the strip." Thus he provides his own *argumentum ad hominem.* His readiness to bracket James with Capp, literature with trash, is sufficient proof, I think, that mass culture *can* threaten an appreciation of cultural values. It is possible, of course, that one day we will look back on such simple fatuity with nostalgia, for the time may be coming when men of this persuasion will profess to find a Li'l Abner-esque complexity in the novels of Henry James.

THE case against this eager acceptance of mass culture is stated most emphatically by Clement Greenberg in "Avant-Garde and Kitsch," and Dwight McDonald in his superb "Theory of Mass Culture." Mr. Greenberg demonstrates that mass culture is a sort of parasitic growth on "a fully matured cultural tradition, whose discoveries, acquisitions, and perfected self-consciousness [mass culture] can take advantage of for its own ends." Mr. McDonald explodes the view that mass culture is just another version of folk art:

> Folk art grew from below. It was a spontaneous, autochthonous expression

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of the people, shaped by themselves, pretty much without the benefit of high culture, to suit their own needs. Mass culture is imposed from above. It is fabricated by technicians hired by businessmen; its audiences are passive consumers, their participation limited to the choice between buying and not buying. [Mass culture] exploits rather than satisfies the cultural needs of the masses. . . .

Following this view, I consider it both simpler and more sensible to look upon the popular arts as something manufactured, rather than something created, and consequently no art at all. Certainly it is more reasonable to consider *I Love Lucy* the rule and *Marty* the exception than to insist that *I Love Lucy* reveals hidden merits to the discerning eye.

Although there are a number of excellent essays in *Mass Culture,* including Edmund Wilson's "Who Cares Who Killed Roger Ackroyd?", S. I. Hayakawa's "Popular Songs vs. The Facts of Life," and George Orwell's "Raffles and Miss Blandish," they are all but obliterated by the vast quantities of second-rate work the editors have seen fit to include. Taken as a whole, the book seems to be making an inordinate fuss over matters that are both trivial and dull. It is, in short, just the sort of book to give us all a bad name with posterity—unless, of course, posterity turns out to be even sillier than we are, which is entirely possible.

Bias in the Press: A Newsman's Audit

by Alan Levy

THE MEN who sit around the rim of a newspaper's copy desk must live with a personal paradox. They are usually bright, educated people with lively interests; but their job has little glamour and requires precision, close attention to trivia, literal-minded reading of the stories they edit, rigid adherence to minor style rules and avoidance of headline taboos.

This could lead to a frustrating existence and early near-sightedness, but copy editors are resourceful people. They develop hobbies. Some collect typographical errors with the same enthusiasm as philatelists. Others compile oddities for use as "fillers," the little items of obscure research that appear at the bottom of news columns. Some memorize statistics; others write poetry

Arthur Edward Rowse of *The Boston Traveler's* copy desk has a unique and useful hobby. With alchemistic zeal, he has tried to measure bias as it shows up in the columns of America's daily newspapers. In a 139-page volume called *Slanted News,* he has applied his personal journalistic yardstick to the American press' handling of the Nixon and Stevenson fund stories in the 1952 election campaign. Rowse hasn't found any universal system of measurement, but he has come up with a devastating case study that is also a well-documented indictment of the American press. It goes beyond Adlai Stevenson's "one-party press" charge to provide a terrifying glimpse of bias on both sides.

Slanted News, by Arthur Edward Rowse (Beacon; $3.95).

On the afternoon of September 18, 1952, *The New York Post* broke a copyrighted story about a "fund" operating for the benefit of Vice Presidential candidate Richard M. Nixon. In colorful prose, *The Post* told of "the existence of a 'millionaires' club' devoted exclusively to the financial comfort" of Nixon. Later that day, the United Press and Associated Press picked up the story. The charges, counter-charges and television histrionics that followed were prolonged slightly by the disclosure that Democratic Presidential candidate Adlai E. Stevenson had a fund of surplus campaign contributions that were used to augment salaries of eight appointees in Illinois state office.

Rowse's book shows, one by one, how 31 newspapers handled political news during the 11 days when "fund" was a fighting word. He has chosen papers with large circulations in key political areas. He discounts the self-made surveys of integrity put forth after the campaign by boastful newspaper publishers who measured column-inches devoted to Democrats vs. Republican column-inches. He has studied placement, timeliness, and writing of news and—perhaps most important of all in this age of hurried, nervous digestion—headlining. He says:

> Partisanship showed up in headlines as well as stories. And much of it was very subtle as well as insidious. There was no limit to the variety of twists in a headline. There were "dead heads"—heads that did not say as much as they could have—like *The New York Times'* STEVENSON POISED FOR TOUR OF EAST. . . . Then there were "pointed heads" such as *The Des Moines Register's* declaration CORRUPTION IN STATE NOTHING NEW TO ADLAI. There were "verdict heads" like NIXON CLEARED in *The Minneapolis Star.* There were "funny heads" such as *The New York World-Telegram's* STEVENSON IS HAM WITHOUT CORN DRESSING and *The New York Post's* DICK'S OWN WELFARE STATE. There were "unqualified heads" such as *The Detroit Free Press'* NIXON SMEAR TRY BLASTED and *The Philadelphia Inquirer's* BUNGLED BILLIONS: U. S. AID POLICY FALLS SHORT. And, of course, there were plenty of missing heads—ones that should have been on the front page but were not.

Rowse finds that, with the possible exception of *The New York Times,* all papers studied—both Republican and Democratic—showed evidence of favoritism in their news columns. He says:

> Only nine of the 28 pro-Eisenhower papers put the Nixon story on the front page at the earliest opportunity; all three of the pro-Stevenson papers did so. And, from that point on, most papers continued to favor one party over the other in selection, display, and tone of the political news.

He also concludes that almost every example of favoritism in the news columns coincided with the paper's editorial feelings. Papers generally gave more stories and pictures, bigger headlines, better location on the page, and more favorable tone to news about the candidate they supported editorially:

> This finding . . . tends to support the hitherto unclassified assumption by many critics of the press that papers Republican or Democratic on the editorial page are correspondingly Republican or Democratic in their treatment of the news. On the basis of the

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1952 editorial endorsement of candidates, that would indicate that over 80 percent of the nation's newspaper readers may be getting their news as well as editorials with some Republican flavoring.

Rowse's evaluations have their weaknesses. He is overly appalled by such devices as front-page cartoons and editorials. In reproaching such papers as *The Indianapolis Star* and *The Des Moines Register* for their cartoons, he may be overestimating the gullibility of newspaper readers. Moreover, probably few readers of the Hearst press were greatly influenced by the regular "Editor's Report" of William Randolph Hearst, Jr. (HONESTY WINS NIXON HOST OF NEW SUPPORTERS). But what of the effect of the three-columns wide sample telegram cited by Rowse that appeared on page one of *The New York Journal-American* under the headline: CLIP THIS AND SEND IT. The message, addressed to the Republican National Committee, read: "After hearing Senator Nixon, I believe he is an honest man. I want a chance to vote for Eisenhower and Nixon in November." There was a place for the reader-writer to sign the telegram.

ALTHOUGH he is a young man, Rowse has some old-fashioned ideas about reporting. Strictly an "objectivity" man, he criticizes the kind of "interpretive reporting" that was carried in 1952 by *The Christian Science Monitor* and *The Minneapolis Star*—the kind of reporting exemplified more recently by the work of James Reston of *The New York Times*. Interpretive reporting arose because newsworthy people took advantage of straight objective reporting. Politicians made inaccurate speeches with firm knowledge that their inaccuracies would be accurately transcribed by objective reporters. Refutations came too late and too feebly. Interpretive reporting has the advantage of underlining and undermining the lie at once.

But objective reporting like that in Rowse's book has this big advantage: it offers us a photographed front page of every newspaper the author discusses and a chronological summary of each paper's handling of the funds story. Rowse gives the reader a chance to make up his own mind, which may be more than many newspapers gave their readers in 1952.

ART

Picasso at Seventy-Five

IN SOME sense, the Museum of Modern Art in New York owes its existence to the prior existence of Pablo Ruiz Picasso. Without Picasso the Museum would have been a very different thing from what it is. This is to say that without Picasso 20th Century art would have been vastly different. To be sure, most of the individual elements, points of view and varying emphases in the art of our time came into existence independently of Picasso, but he has had the gift of taking the new freedoms and the new disciplines alike and bringing them into concrete being in paint or bronze in such a way as to communicate immediately to anyone willing to learn the simple grammar of the new language, and with such personal brilliance as to compel the attention of those professionally concerned with art. Picasso has been both innovator and popularizer; and the latter term perfectly describes the function which distinguishes the American art museum from its European counterpart. Hence it is not only appropriate that the present seventy-fifth anniversary exhibition of Picasso should be assembled at the Museum of Modern Art, the most aggressively popularizing of our American institutions, it is unthinkable that the show should open elsewhere.

The show brings together some three-hundred paintings, drawings and sculptures. The director of the exhibition, Alfred Barr is, in his foreword, genteelly apologetic about some of the show's shortcomings, notably in the sculpture section which, Barr believes, would have revealed Picasso as one of the great sculptors had the many major pieces still in the artist's possession been made available. (While no announcement by the artist or official conjecture by the museum has been forthcoming, there is, probably some connection between the absence of the sculpture still owned by the artist, the museum's original plan to bring Picasso to New York during the exhibition and the refusal of the State Department to admit the prominent member of the French Communist Party. Nevertheless, in whatever respects the show may miss being the ideal Picasso retrospective, by bringing together a host of works from a half century of sustained effort and by including a significant number of universally recognized master works, the exhibition offers an extremely rewarding and instructive view of Picasso's achievement.

Picasso stands at a point in our history similar to that occupied in another age by Giotto. Whether he will prove to have been either as effective in individual works or even as influential in creating a new way of painting, we are, of course, unable to say despite the ready affirmation that has been widely given for at least a quarter of a century. The importance of fashion in art occasionally appalls us when we look at the past. We are, nevertheless, all but powerless to free our own vision from the distorting glass of fashion in the present. Whatever intrinsic virtue Picasso may have, whatever may or may not be his influence upon the course of painting in the centuries to come, the one undeniable fact that we know about Picasso's painting is that it is fashionable and has been for decades. Prices alone—which have an infallible connection with fashion and a very haphazard one with value—bear this out. Picasso having, through fashion, created our very mode of seeing, it is next to impossible for us to see Picasso with any other but the eyes he has given us; it is next to impossible for us not to accord him the tribute of greatness which, unfortunately, is not ours to give. Likewise, our accepted view of art history makes the parallel with Giotto inescapable.

Around 1300, Giotto suddenly began to paint things as they actually look rather than as they had been presumed to actually be. Around 1900, Picasso suddenly began to turn again from appearance to essence. The intervening six centuries had been largely devoted to the exploration and perfection of the new Giottesque principles and intuitions. This process of exploration and perfection reached its conclusion in the experiments of the Impressionists, who, in theory at least, gave up everything that had been learned about form and composition since Giotto in order to as-

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sault the last redoubt of the visible world, light itself and the shimmering evanescent color screen that light evoked on the now insubstantial surfaces of the world. With Picasso the surfaces are not dissolved in light and color. They are tortured and distorted, fretted, worried, hurriedly transcribed by an edge line or by an abstracted bit of texture. They have regained their substantiality but they have become not ends but means. Surface now can be taken for granted and used as raw material for composition not as its determinant. Like Giotto, Picasso has turned his back on a long tradition and begun his own.

Nevertheless, it seems to me, a pervading characteristic of Picasso's mature styles is the direct realization of one of the chief concerns of Impressionist painting. This is the element of immediacy. When Impressionism was at its most scientific—for example in Monet's seemingly endless studies of pastures and bridges at different times of day—the formal intent was precisely to "cage the minute within its nets of gold," to stop time in its tracks and make a record of the tracks themselves: the shadow of that particular cloud at that particular instant in the course above the meadow, the turning of the leaves in that particular wind velocity under the sun at that precise angle of day and year. Picasso's painting, from 1907 on, turns this Impressionist immediacy inside out and presents us with an exhilarating stream of canvases each one of which packs into the single instant of perception many aspects and variations of what passes for its subject matter. Whereas the Impressionist aim was to preserve in time what in nature gleams and is gone, Picasso's achievement has been to compress passing time into the single instant of looking.

IMMEDIATE impact is the one common denominator in the wide range of the vast output of Picasso. His painting does not "grow" on the spectator as for example Braque's does. It explodes all at a blow. A subtle Picasso is a contradiction in terms. Intuition and improvisation dominate everywhere. The careful and elaborated working out of relationships among the multiplying parts is all but unknown in Picasso's work. Take such a relatively complex painting as the 1932 "Girl Before a Mirror" owned by the Museum. Enumeration of the parts makes the picture sound complex enough. There is the lozenge and circle background running through three color schemes of a wallpaper pattern. The girl herself has a number of striped pattern motifs including a back that could well be a Venetian blind. Her face is the deceptively simple oval which is at once young innocence in lavender profile and sun goddess full face. Within the angularities and parallel lines of her body are contained reflections of the oval of her face put forth as both the interior and exterior views of female organs. The girl is reaching for the mirror and within the mirror all angles and rigidities have vanished save the face itself which resembles nothing so much as a Kwakiutl mask. What all this adds up to is a breathtaking flash of intuition. As often as one returns to such a painting, the flash and the wonder repeat themselves. In painting after painting the captured lightning illuminates fiercely some patch of the world we have lived in without really seeing.

IN "Guernica," commemorating the destruction of the Spanish town by German air units on loan to Franco, Picasso achieved perhaps his clearest claim to greatness. For the public at large much that Picasso had been doing for thirty years in terms of violence to visual reality and distortion of form became overwhelmingly clear in the twenty-five foot canvas first shown in Paris in 1937 and for so long on extended loan at the Museum. The horrifyingly clear distortions and fragmentations of "Guernica" require neither the justifications of art history nor the detailed study of the Zeitgeist for modern man to understand. From Guernica to Hiroshima the whole of humanity walked in the terrifying vision of blinding shafts of murderous light played against the treacherous dark. Again, in an instant of recognition we grasp the artist's illumination of our ways. Distortion and angularity now faithfully reflect what the world has come to. The tortured central figure of the horse appropriately retreats from the painfully attained artistic grasp of whole forms to the flung together sum of individual parts. The worried head floats out the window like a scream. At the right the lost body falls and falling turns to stone. That motif repeats itself. Along the bottom of the picture a head and arm in rigid

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The Typewriter Bird

THE Typewriter Bird with the pitchfork beak
Will sing when its feathers are given a tweak,
Will sing from now till the end of the week
In the typewritten language that typewriters speak,
The Typewriter Bird.

Ugly and clickety, cheerful, and gay,
Skyscraper-blue or tenement-gray,
It hops up and down in its rotary way
And sings till the bell rings, Hip-Hooray!
The Typewriter Bird.

The Typewriter Bird with the spotted fan
Flies off to the jungles of Yucatan
Where perched on a table of old rattan,
It sings like water that drips in a pan,
The Typewriter Bird.

It sings like water Drip-Drop! Drip-Drop!
That falls on a corrugated iron rooftop,
In a round tin pan on the wobbly rattan—
Drip-Drop! Jim-Jim! Drip-Drop! Drip-Drop!
The Typewriter Bird.

The Typewriter Bird is a terrible bore;
It sings—Jim-Jim!—and it sings encore.
It sings in London and Singapore;
It flies to the ceiling, it drops to the floor,
It bangs on the wall, it knocks at the door,
But thrown out the window, it sings no more,
The Typewriter Bird.

WILLIAM JAY SMITH

agony and a separate arm clutching a shattered sword both end in pedestals turned up like toppled statues. At the left a mother screams before dying, her fingers intermingled with the limbs of her child like the limp stalks of vegetables. Over her towers the great bull that Picasso played with through the Minotaur prints of the immediately preceding years. The private plaything rescued from forgotten myths, calling up Crete, Europa, Goya and Spain, again becomes a public symbol. Over all a disembodied hand clutches a lamp gone out while above it a naked electric bulb sends rays like icicles. At the center of the picture lost in the dust is a flower made of three or four arcs. At any moment it may be crushed by a frenzied hoof or a falling body. At the moment of the picture it survives.

The instant communication of the "Guernica" is present to a greater or lesser degree in all of Picasso's work and this distinguishes him from the majority of the serious artists of the century. It has been said many times about Picasso that he has never really committed himself to any of the art movements that have swept back and forth across the century like so many private armies ravaging the plains of Renaissance Italy. This is true enough. No sooner had Picasso perfected the prismatic vision of early Cubism than he was making pictures of pasted papers, oilcloth and pieces of wood. Then to the universal horror he was back to recognizable human figures of "classic" dignity and grace. There followed a series of pictures composed of flat interesting planes, a bather series in which the bathers, themselves, are inflated like the beach balls they play with, various syntheses of these styles and always in all of them a taste for severe colors and perfect composition. This constant inconstancy is not the sign of either fickleness or infidelity to his friends. On the contrary, throughout a long period when painter after painter convinced himself that he had found the single proper method of painting in our period, Picasso knew all the time that there is no such thing and never hesitated to invent or remember a style or combination of styles called for by the ever-changing objective realities of his subject, the materials at hand and his own artistic vision of how they might be brought together. It is significant that the only important 20th Century style that Picasso has never essayed is the totally non-objective. His lasting fidelity has been to the notion of art as a glass held up to nature.

There is tremendous wit in Picasso's work and this, too, is related to his firm grasp of objective reality. The sculpture section in the present exhibition is full of examples of the witty perception but, indeed, this quality goes all the way back to his earliest days as a revolutionary in art. The celebrated bronze "Baboon and Young" with its head composed of two toy automobiles, chassis to chassis, is a three dimensional pun. So is the "Goat Skull," also of the fifties, made of a bicycle seat and handle bars. Fundamentally the same approach appears in the "Guitar" of 1926 made of string, cloth, newspaper and nails. The artist is saying what the wit is always saying, "How amusing it is that such wildly divergent realities can be brought together in one."

Tenderness is the other great Picasso characteristic; it appears with particular strength at the beginning and in his most recent years. In the Blue period preceding Cubism, tenderness, of course, is the constant mode. A vastly more sophisticated tenderness appears in the children's portraits of the last fifteen years—appears as a loving irony by no means insensitive to the objectively comic aspects of the loved child. In the "First Steps" of 1943 Picasso uses all his sure gifts of distortion-for-composition to express as perhaps it never has been expressed the wonder, fright and dawning pride of a baby at that crucial instant and the hovering concern of the mother.

If Picasso is remembered, I think it will be not for the technical daring, not for the innovations, exciting as they have been, but for the things he saw fresh and helped us see with love, with wit and anger.

The exhibition, at the Modern through the summer, will be in Chicago in the fall and in Philadelphia in the winter.

FRANK GETLEIN

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MOVIES

"I Am Black But O My Soul . . ."

EARLY in *Island in the Sun*—the technicolor movie based on Alec Waugh's best seller—a West Indian labor leader (Harry Belafonte) is asked by a newspaperman what he considers to be his island's biggest problem; "Color," Belafonte answers, "color." Now the labor leader is not alone in recognizing this problem; everybody in the West Indies sees it, and everybody says it. However, to state a problem, even for two hours, is not to investigate it, and the failure of *Island in the Sun*, the painful failure, is that it dares to present what it does not understand.

Island in the Sun (20th Century Fox).

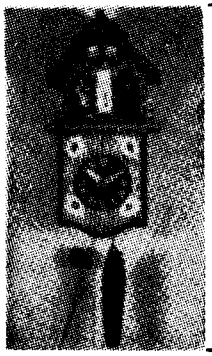
The picture's daring is most obvious in the romance depicted between a drugstore clerk (black) and the aide to the governor (white). As portrayed by Dorothy Dandridge, the clerk is dark and hip-swinging, but amazingly devoid of any of the characteristics we normally associate with human behavior. In a picture that is going to be about "color" this is unfortunate, for one would like to know what motivates this young Negress to cross the social line, or, more accurately, ignore it. Is she ambitious? Ashamed? I suggest these as possibilities because they seem faintly hinted at —the latter, perhaps, unconsciously— in Miss Dandridge's performance. And what about the governor's aide? He meets Miss Dandridge, loves her, and runs off with her to England, but never a word about "color." The only explanation for his actions lies, perhaps, in his work—he is a novelist-on-the-sly; and though I am not familiar with the book on which the movie is based, I wonder if it is not a commonplace of Mr. Waugh's kind of fiction that the artist-type will just about do anything.

Another situation which the picture dares to portray is that of a wealthy white family, plantation owners, who discover that they have "colored blood." The discovery is made to the chagrin of the pretty peaches-and-cream complexioned daughter who is about to marry a young English lord. When she learns that her father's mother was part Jamaican, she tells her lord that she cannot go with him to England; if they marry—reasons the girl, with the biological sophistication of a good segregationist—they may one day be putting "a black man" in the House of Lords. Though this is all handled with Mother Goose simplicity, it is still the first time in the film that *a* reality of the racial problem seems about to be investigated: caught in a moral dilemma of her own making the girl learns the necessity of sacrifice. However, as it turns out, sacrifice is finally unnecessary; apparently, in this technicolor world, as long as you're *willing* to sacrifice that's good enough. When this moral little beast winds up impregnated by her Lord, her mother breaks down and tells her she needn't run away, but can marry the man and bear his child without fear for the English peerage. The truth is that the girl really hasn't a drop of black blood in her; the mother's husband, you see, is not the girl's father! All you have to do, it seems, is add one transgression to another to get a blessing.

The third off-color romance the film dares to show is between Belafonte, the labor leader dedicated to his people, and Joan Fontaine, a blond, fair-skinned woman of maturity (she drinks) who is attracted to him. Why? Once again, as with Miss Dandridge, I must search for motives, and, once again, feel slightly uneasy about what I come up with—uneasy because the film refuses to make up its mind and to deal honestly and intelligently with what it has chosen to present. Is Miss Fontaine, for instance, ashamed of her privilege, her whiteness? Is she, in fact, Miss Dandridge's opposite? Does she desire to be defiled by Mr. Belafonte, to be humiliated? Whatever it is, she finally proposes to Belafonte that they join what is rapidly becoming a mass exodus to the British Isles. But Belafonte must stay, for, he says, "My skin is my Country." And besides, he doesn't care a great deal for Miss Fontaine anyway.

Because Belafonte himself seems to take his role a bit more seriously than the rest, one is tempted to see in his portrayal a mite of complexity and a strain of sincerity. But whatever sympathy we are able to muster for Belafonte's seriousness bursts when at the end of the picture he walks off alone—believe it or not—into the sunset, his broad back to the audience. In fact, as the wide wide screen and the loud loud music gripped my spirit, I watched Belafonte recede and thought I could hear a Blakean refrain—set to Calypso beat—coming from somewhere back of that West Indian sun: "I am black," it went, "but o my soul is technicolor . . ."

PHILIP ROTH



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RECORDS

Piano Performances of Note

FROM THE Columbia recordings of the young Rumanian pianist Dinu Lipatti—of Bach's Partita No. 1, Mozart's Sonata K.310, Chopin's Sonata Op. 58, Waltzes and a few smaller pieces, Schumann's Piano Concerto—we have known that an outstanding and distinguished talent was destroyed by his death in 1950. But it is only now, in the performances on the two records of Angel 3556, that we hear what this talent was capable of when operating at maximum effectiveness, and that we can realize the magnitude of our loss. For the Columbia records give us the performances of the Bach Partita, Mozart Sonata and Chopin Waltzes that Lipatti recorded in the summer of 1950 in the recording studio, where he was completely at ease and in control of himself, and where he played with sensitiveness and lyricism, with engaging grace, elegance and verve, with unfailing taste and feeling for continuity in phrase and larger structure, with unfailing precision in the execution of dazzling passage-work and fine gradations of beautiful tone. But the Angel records give us his performances of the same Bach, Mozart and Chopin pieces at his last public recital, in September, 1950, at the Besancon Festival, where he was so ill and weak that he could barely climb the stairs to the auditorium, but where by an almost unimaginable effort of will he managed to play not merely with his lyricism, elegance, verve and precision but—under the stimulation of the occasion—with these raised to sheer incandescence. The will that sustained him all through the concert failed before the final Chopin waltz, which he had to leave unplayed; but the program included two Schubert Impromptus, Op. 90 Nos. 2 and 3, which he had not recorded previously. The performances on these two records are, then, not only an exciting artistic experience but a moving personal one.

Of the older pianists Gieseking, in Beethoven's Sonatas Op. 31 Nos. 2 and 3 on Angel 35352, plays *forte* passages with the prescribed power but seems in *piano* to forget that it is a Beethoven *piano* which calls for something stronger than Gieseking's fine-spun delicacy.

Similarly, Casadesus produces a strong *forte* but a pallid, thin, characterless *piano* in four of Mozart's best sonatas —K.332, 333, 457 and 576—on Columbia ML-5149. But his playing of Chopin and Schumann is admirably free of the mannered phrasing and excessive tempo rubato that most pianists consider right for these composers; and his performances of Schumann's great Fantasia and superbly imaginative *Carnaval,* on Columbia ML-5146, are excellent.

Another fine set of imaginative piano pieces by Schumann, the *Kinderszenen,* are played well by Clara Haskil on Epic LC-3358, with the uninteresting *Waldszenen* Op. 82 on the reverse side.

Pianists occasionally play Haydn's extraordinary Andante and Variations in F minor, but almost never the sonatas, many of which are as fascinating in their flow of invention and their moment-to-moment surprises as the symphonies and quartets. An outstanding example, No. 20, is on London LL-1380, with three others that are fine: Nos. 31, 40 and 46 (the numbers are those of the Breitkopf edition). They call for more than Kathleen Long's fluency; and No. 20 stimulates her to an approximation of the required pointing up of what Haydn contrives.

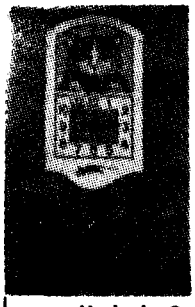
London has issued two more records in the Oiseau-Lyre series *Masters of Early English Keyboard Music;* and I can report enjoying some, though not all, of the organ pieces by John Bull and Matthew Locke on OL-50130, and some of the harpsichord pieces by Orlando Gibbons and Giles Farnaby on OL-50131. The performances are by Thurston Dart, whose harpsichord playing I find too unvarying in its high level of intensity and lacking in subtlety of phrasing.

For lovers of chamber music Angel 45004 offers Schubert's infrequently played Quartet Op. 161, which is fully as beautiful and great a work as the well-known *Death and the Maiden.* The Hungarian Quartet's performance is sensitive and lovely-sounding, but doesn't have all the elaboration of detail and the expressive power of the Budapest Quartet performance.

TOTALLY unfamiliar are a large number of delightful works by the fascinatingly individual and inventive 18th Century composer Boccherini: the trios and quartets excellently performed by the Carmirelli Quartet on London LL-1454 (the excessively sharp recorded sound with high-fidelity equipment is improved by drastic reduction of treble); the quintets that are played well (except for the poor tone of the first violin) by the Quintetto Boccherini on Angel 45006/7/8. And with these I mention an older record, Columbia ML-5047, not only for the four fine Boccherini quartets on it, but for the incandescent playing of the New Music Quartet.

And lovers of chamber music will be interested in a Victor Camden record, CAL-292, *The Art of Emanuel Feuermann,* not only for the playing of an extraordinarily accomplished cellist but for the beautiful ensemble performances with the outstanding ensemble pianist Franz Rupp. Most, if not all, of the recordings, made in the late thirties, were never issued on 78 rpm after Feuermann's death; and some of the music —notably a Mendelssohn sonata—is uninteresting. But the record is worth having for the performances of Beethoven's Variations on *"Ein Maedchen oder Weibchen"* from *The Magic Flute* (the first note of the piece is missing) and a Chopin Polonaise Brillante.

B. H. HAGGIN



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Correspondence

(*Continued from page 3*)

was an article by Paul Jacobs in *The Reporter* magazine of May 16. In searching Mr. Jacobs' article, I found his statement to be that, in 1952, significant radioactivity was found in a lettuce field near Fresno. I could find no reference to a lettuce field near Riverside, which is some 200 miles southeast of Fresno.

In a speech before the House of Representatives on June 26, Rep. Chet Holifield (D, Calif.), Chairman of the Special Subcommittee on Radiation, said: "No place where men dwell escapes the fallout from nuclear bomb explosions."

But he also said: "As a Californian, I might remark at this time that I read a magazine article the other day which inferred that California citrus fruit is being dusted with more strontium than that in other states. I checked the strontium measurements in the United States and I find that Florida has higher strontium fallout than California."

D. S. SAUND
Member of Congress
Washington, D. C.

" . . . forever too late"

FAR BE it from me to assert that Representative Saund's 29th District is hotter than any other spot in the threatened region. I mentioned, in fact, that the latest report of radioactivity came, not from there, but from a place north of Sacramento, some 400 miles, I believe, from Riverside. But if Japan is being peppered with fallout from Russian tests in Siberia, what is 400 miles to an atomic cloud? The important thing is that while these explosions continue people will be increasingly uneasy about any California food products, from Sacramento south. The uneasiness may be without foundation, but who knows? If the future proves that it was justified, it will be forever too late. California is being pushed into playing Russian roulette.

GERALD W. JOHNSON
Baltimore

► *Do We Need Formosa?*

SIRS:

To argue that American recognition of Communist China, the latter's admission to the United Nations, and our lifting of the trade embargo would do us no great harm, as Nathaniel Peffer did in "Do We Need Formosa?" (*NR*, June 24), is sound enough, considering that the psychological and moral implications of China's enmity in the Korean War are receding into history. But to argue that these moves would be considered by Communist China as concessions and that she might in return commit herself to evacuate North Korea and not interfere in Southeast Asia—when to dominate Southeast Asia is one of Peking's fundamental aims—is a bit naïve.

American recognition, representation in the UN, and trade with the United States are in the first place matters of relative indifference to Communist China. Secondly, what little value she sees in them will accrue to her anyway; their advent is only a matter of time. Thirdly, most governments in the world either have held or soon will hold the view that Peking is entitled to recognition and UN representation by right, hence, contrary to Professor Peffer's hope, will not blame the Peking leaders one bit if they refuse to make any concessions in return.

OLIVER LEE
Committee on International Relations, University of Chicago

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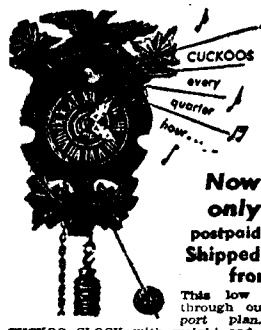

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In the next issue

*on our summer schedule...*August 12

"What Johnny Don't Know"

Professors ARTHUR NORMAN and LEWIS SAWIN tell about some remarkable results they obtained when they tested the knowledge of college freshmen and sophomores.

"The Lunatic Fringe"

ADLAI E. STEVENSON in his review of the new book by Gerald W. Johnson says that it is "a brief on behalf of a baker's dozen of American visionaries and madcaps . . . Four of the thirteen ran for President!"

We remind subscribers that as of September 1, the subscription rate for *The New Republic* will be $8 for 1 year, $14 for 2 years, and $18 for 3 years. Until then, you may extend your present subscription or place gift orders at the current price: $7 (1 year), $12 (2 years), $16 (3 years) or a life subscription for $100.

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